AN ATTACK OF ART

By GEORGE MUNSON.

"It was some three years since I'd visited Sister Emma, her living in York state and me in Ohio, but when she writ me to come and spend the month of March, because she had something important to say to me, my natural curiosity overcome me, and I packed my trunk and went.

"'Where's Cynthy?' I asked, soon as I had kissed Emma and John.

"'That's what I writ you to come about, Lidy,' says Emma. 'She won't come home.'

"'But you writ me she had gone to New York to study art, and was coming home on Washington's birthday,' I answered. 'And how about that young man of hers, Fred Holden?'

"Then the truth came out. Cynthy had writ she wasn't coming home for a long time to come and she intimated if Fred liked to wait for her he could wait and if he didn't he needn't. She had an attack of art badly and was living in a hall bedroom in New York and doing her own laundry, which is what art brings one to. And Emma, knowing how I'd always had a powerful influence over Cynthy, wanted me to go to New York and bring her home.

"'How about Fred?' I asked.

"Fred just mooned around town and didn't speak to anyone. I gathered there had been some sort of quarrel, so I thought it best to say nothing but to go to New York as soon as possible. And a couple of mornings later I was knocking at Cynthy's door on the top floor of a filthy dark tenement place near Washington Square.

"'Come in,' said Cynthy. 'Why, Aunt Lidy, whatever brung you here?'

"'I'll tell you later, Cynthy,' says I. 'Meanwhile, have you got a bite of lunch for me?'

"'Cynthy made tea over the gas and we ate sausage sandwiches together, Cynthy looking at me curious-like all the while.

"'I sure do love sausage sandwiches, especially them forrin kinds,' says I, and I see a look in Cynthy's eyes that told me I had got home. I forgot to say that the tiny room was all fixed up with hangings and sofa

"Had a Party That Afternoon."

pillows, and the walls was plastered with Cynthy's pictures.

"'Sold any of 'em, my dear?' I asked.

"'Not yet, auntie,' says Cynthy, 'but I expect to soon. The public isn't educated in art matters, you know. If I chose to give them what they wanted I could sell them all. Now what brings you here, Aunt Lidy?'

"'I'm tired of the humdrum of domestick life,' I told her. 'Your Uncle Abe gets on my nerves. I want to live my own life and obey the impulses of my soul. Thats' why I come to you.'

"Cynthy stared at me as if I was an animal. Then she comes up and throws her arms round my neck and kisses me, and I know she's the same Cynthy.

"We had a party that afternoon, the queerest folks. All the men wore jaded looks and loose black ties, and the women was dressed any old way. The things they talked about I'd be ashamed to tell you, but I didn't look feazed.

"'Auntie,' says Cynthy, when we were alone again, 'I don't know whether you'd care to have dinner with me at the Eclectic club tonight. It costs twenty-five cents and there's a discussion afterward.'

"'What's it about?' I asks.

"'It's called "Should Women Have Children?"' says Cynthy, looking at me.

"'Why, that suits me to the ground,' I answers. 'I've always wanted to know. What's the answer?'

"'Well,' says Cynthy, 'some will say yes and some no, and it will be a very interesting debate.'

"It was. I was feeling sort of empty after the dinner, but that talk filled me all right. I'd never heard anything like it.

"'I'm afraid you must be shocked, auntie, with your old-fashioned ways,' says Cynthy, when we'd shook off the art people and got home.

"'Shocked?' I answered. 'Why, Cynthy, I feel the art rising in my bones. That's the sort of message that the world needs. And to think of the years we've wasted with your Uncle Abe and that Poor dub, Fred Holden, who don't know art from a turnip. My, I'm glad he's hankering after that Lucy Brown.'

"Cynthy seemed quite shocked. 'what do you mean, auntie?' she asks. So I told her how Lucy and Fred went walking out on Sundays and how the neighbors was sort of speculative about 'em. Cynthy didn't say much more that night. I slept on the floor, on five sofa pillows. I didn't like it, but she never knew.

"Cynthy didn't seem quite so bright the next few days. Every time she took me out I'd ask her, disappointed like, if that was the best she could show me. I said I wanted to hear a real artistic debate. I didn't want to know if women should have children, I told her, but how many, and why. The meals I put down was terrible.

"'Aunty,' said Cynthy, at last, taking me by the shoulders, 'tell me, honestly, ain't you shocked at all?'

"'Why no,' says I. 'I think it's lovely to have the artistic spirit. My, what do we care about those poor creatures at home?'

"'But, aunty, I—I do care about them,' says Cynthy, strangling a sob.

"'But we've flung 'em overboard,' I says, executing a Pa Soul about the room. 'We're the army of the future, Cynthy, the army of martyrs. We've left home and husband and sweetheart for art's sake. When're we going to the club again?'

"'But don't father and mother mind me being artistic?" asks Cynthy.

"'They love it,' I answered. 'And Fred says, he's glad he found out the narrerness of his soul, being only a country lawyer, or he might have made your life miserable. Don't you want 'em to approve of your taking to art, Cynthy?'

"'No,' sobs Cynthy, 'I wanted to shock 'em, aunt. I hate art.'

"'Hate art!' I exclaimed. 'Cynthy, you make me feel terrible. How am I going to appease my hankerings if you're going back on me?'

"'But it's different,' says Cynthy, now fairly crying. 'You've got Uncle Abe, and you were always contented at home, and now I've led you astray, at your age and made him miserable, and—I'd never have left Monattah, only Fred told me if I did he'd never ask me to return, and I couldn't take that from him—but it all makes me sick, Aunt Lidy.'

"'So it does me, Cynthy,' I answered. 'And maybe I got that wrong about Fred Holden and Lucy Brown. Now I come to think of it, it was Jack Higgins was going with her. My, Cynthy, what's the matter? What are you hunting for?'

"'The time-table,' answers Cynthy."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

WILLING FOR BOY TO HAVE IT

It Was All Right So Long as Wife Understood Just What Became of the Rose.

Every morning the wife pins a flower to his lapel as he starts for the office—a rose when she has one, a blossom of some plainer sort when roses are scarce.

This morning she had a rose, but she withheld the usual delicate attention, and for the first time he perceived an ominous look in her eyes.

"You never have the flower in your buttonhole when you come home in the evenings," began his wife, sarcastically. "How do you always contrive to lose it?"

"I do not lose it," he replied. "I wear the flower until I reach my desk. I feel that that is far enough for a plain business man to carry a flower."

"After reaching your desk, what do you do with the flower?" she asked.

"I give it away," he replied.

"To the girl stenographer?" suggested his wife, icily.

"Oh, no, I give it to the office boy," he answered.

"I beg your pardon, but you do not give it to the office boy," she retorted with acerbity. "You give it to the stenographer. I have seen it pinned on her shirt waist every day that I have called at your office. I think I shall discontinue the flower."

"In that case I shall lose an office boy—probably by suicide," remarked her husband, meeting her indignant eyes frankly. "He is head over heels in love with the stenographer, and is trying to make a hit with the flower."

Hastily she pinned a rose to her husband's lapel, and said:

"Be careful not to lose it—and give it to the office boy as usual."

Nature's Ironies.

The irony of fate has had few finer illustrations than that staged in the western part of this country during the last seven months.

A drouth, unrivaled for duration and severity, held nearly a dozen states in its grip last summer, drying up wells and streams, parching pastures, ruining crops. As a result of this drouth, hundreds of thousands of breeding stock or unfinished steers were sent to market, because there was no fodder to carry them through the winter.

Having struck her blow, nature began to smile. She sent an open season which enabled farmers to do their plowing at a time when the ground usually is locked in frost. She followed this favor with a series of snowfalls throughout the west, all of them remarkable and one quite unprecedented. Melting snow will supply the moisture too often lacking, good crops are almost assured, and not for a generation has there been such good range pasture as will be found this summer. But the stock which should fatten and multiply on that pasture have gone to the stock yards.—Chicago Journal.

Flowers That Give Light.

Under certain conditions nasturtiums, sunflowers, dahlias, tube-roses and yellow lilies may be seen to glow with a soft radiance, varying in color and intensity. Only those flowers that have an abundance of yellow or orange shades exhibit this phosphorescence. The best time to see the light is after dark, when the atmosphere is clear and dry. The light is sometimes steady, but often intermittent and flashing.

Different "Front."

A retired army officer was in his back garden one day when a tramp came round the end of the house. "I've been at the front," he began, "and—" The old officer beamed at him as he interrupted to ask, "have you, indeed, my man? And were you wounded?" "No," said the man, "no, sir, not exactly. But I couldn't make no one 'ear, so I come round to the back!"

Another Thing.

"How did you propose to support my daughter, sir?" "I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

WOMEN of the United States, look to your laurels!

You've carried off all the worth while prizes in international beauty contests for a long, long time.

Your good looks, your superior intelligence, your keen wit and airy grace, to say nothing of your numerous other surpassing qualities and accomplishments, have won for you an enviable position among the women of the world.

In fact, you have worked your way up until in recent years your supremacy has been unquestioned. You are conceded the most beautiful, the most accomplished, the most sought after women in the world.

Beware! Your supremacy is threatened. Your pedestal is insecure. The world's admiration, which you so long have held, at some not distant day may be transferred to the women of another quarter of the globe.

Your competitors for the world's admiration are close upon your heels. They have come upon you all unawares; so quietly, in fact, that it's a two to one wager you don't even know who they are.

Who are they?

The women of Latin-America.

Probably you won't believe this. You'll laugh and say that the principal business of Latin-America is to raise comic opera revolutions, not women capable of wresting from you the laurels which your beauty and charm have won.

If you think that way, just read what Mrs. Sherrill, the wife of the American minister to Argentina, has to say about the women of the southern republics.

"They dress better, look better and have finer manners than any other women in the world," declares Mrs. Sherrill. "They are enchanting creatures, and now Europe is learning of their wonderful charm. They are fond of home life and make ideal mothers, although they are not domestic to a sordid degree. They are as fond of society as the women of the United States, only they are absolutely without the faintest trace of snobbishness, which is probably due to their breeding. They are vastly well informed and well bred women, and strangely enough their social obligations are never such as to interfere with their home life. The women are good mothers and are devoted to their large families."

Europe, where the Yankee girl has so long ruled a favorite, has fallen victim to the Latin-American girl's charms. Whether she appear in her favorite Paris, or in other centers of fashion or recreation, she is surrounded by a crowd of admirers. She has the entree to exclusive drawing rooms. At her chateaux, which she loves to hire for the season that she may entertain on her own account, she is always sure of as many guests as she desires. She is the joy of continental modistes, and the despair of those who would wear gowns such as hers.

It must be admitted that her wealth in worldly possessions does add to her attractiveness to many eyes. The continent is filled with impecunious younger sons of varied brands of aristocracy, and few would in the least mind marrying the newest American girl because of her great wealth. Still, even without her wealth she would deserve all the praise that has been heaped upon her.

The new American girl of the Latin states is strangely composite of the old and the new order of things which her land has known. In the modern world's capitals and fashionable centers she is indeed a woman of the present; but in Latin-America she is a woman of the past. In her native home still persists an order of things which in many respects is almost medieval. The stamp of Spain, so strongly seen on her, is also seen on the religion, the language, and the social creed of this girl. The laws and the landscape of her people alike are still dominated by this ancient influence. Indeed, Spain itself has infinitely more variety in speech and custom than is seen in the vast territory it has peopled, and the people of Valparaiso, Bogota, and Caracas speak better Castilian than usually is heard in Madrid and Cadiz.

Hence it is that the Latin-American woman has but little of the freedom enjoyed by the American girl she now would rival. There still exists between the sexes that armed neutrality which is a tradition of the Spanish blood. Matrimony still is a lottery. The would-be husband never sees his wife alone until they are married. His negotiations for her hand are largely because the Roman Catholic church dominates all society, and it recognizes no divorce. In addition, the Latin-American woman, wrapped up in her family, for children generally are numerous, endures many indignities rather than separate from her husband and babies.

The United States knows them best and most pleasantly through their representatives connected with the diplomatic corps in Washington. They are almost without exception representatives of the modern trend in Latin-American development. They have won for themselves in official society a regard based primarily upon their own beauty and charm, and only secondarily upon their official position.

One of the most prominent of these women is Mme. Pezet, wife of the minister from Peru. She is considered a great beauty, and is a leader in diplomatic society. Of equal charm and beauty are Mme. Malbran, bride of the first secretary of the Argentine legation; Mme. Suarez, wife of the minister from Chile; Senora de la Cueva, wife of the first secretary of the Mexican legation; Mme. de Naon, wife of the Argentine minister, and Senora Castrillo, wife of the new minister from Nicaragua, who is a recent arrival at Washington.

Among the younger Latin-American women who have charmed social Washington, and whose beauty vies with that of their northern sisters, are Senorita Dona Luz Mendez, daughter of the minister from Guatemala; Senorita Marta Calvo, talented daughter of the minster from Costa Rica; Senorita Amelia Mejia, daughter of the minister from Salvador, and the young bride of Don Alejandro Herquinigo, of the Chilean legation, who before her recent marriage was Senorita Malvina de pena, daughter of the minister from Uruguay.

HOW TO TELL COUNTERFEITS

The hand is quicker than the eye in detecting fraudulent bank notes. The "feel" of the distinctive paper used by the government is the first warning signal that the money tendered is bad. This paper is distinctive not alone because of the introduction of silk fiber in the bill itself, but because of the treatment the stock receives in printing. The silk threads are sometimes imitated by pen-and-ink lines, but these do not bear close examination. The engraving has been the greatest protection, for even photo-engraving fails to bring out the proper color values, and retouching by the graving tool makes the lines heavy and irregular. Photography also fails in reproducing the color of the seal, which must be washed in with water colors, the black lines of the engraving showing through in counterfeits. The most dangerous counterfeit is that in which a genuine bill of lower denomination is bleached out and a false plate showing a high denomination placed upon it. Here is a genuine bank bill. It has the "feel." The silk threads are present. If the engraving is fairly well done and the color of approximate correctness it becomes a dangerous counterfeit, and bankers are at once warned to be on the watch for it. In this connection the "check letter" often comes into play. All government notes are printed of one denomination, four on a sheet, and are lettered respectively A, B, C and D. Each note bears a treasury number. If, when that number is divided by four there remains one, the check letter should be A; if two remains, the letter should be B; if three, then C, and if there is no remainder, D. If the result shows otherwise then the numbering is wrong and the note is a counterfeit. All denominations from $1 to $1,000 have been counterfeited, as well as all our coins. The most usual method of defrauding when gold coins are handled is to saw the coins in half, extract the interior, and fill with base metal.

JUST ONE LETTER.

Lady at card party who had exchanged seats with her partner—What excellent luck. Why is this thus, partner?

Partner—Because U and I have changed places."

HE KNEW.

"You know, my son, it is your first step which is your undoing," said the parent.

"Guess I'd better take dancing lessons then, pop, before I go into society," replied the boy.

SEA WATER AS LIFE SAVER

Brought From Ocean's Depth and Injected Into the Veins It Is Beneficial.

For several years the doctors of the world have had before them the advocacy of sea water as a life saver in various diseases, the value of the remedy being largely based on the reports made by Dr. Robert Simon of Paris and Doctor Quinton in London.

It is used chiefly for infants who are suffering from malnutrition. The water employed in Europe is literally dug up from the bay of Biscay and later modified, under scrupulously aseptic conditions, until it is in shape to be injected into the sick child's veins as a plasma, as the liquid is termed.

Here, the water has been brought up from a depth of forty feet some forty miles beyond the coast of New Jersey, the precautions of distance and depth being observed to make sure that no possible infection from sewage can occur. It is brought to laboratories and prepared after the manner used in Paris and London.

Half a dozen cases of malnutrition among children showed marked improvement after the second or third treatments. Other patients respond more or less markedly to the remedy.

The idea underlying the use of the sea water as an injection is that the blood plasma of all animals appears to be very closely related and that we, as land animals, owe our earliest origins to the ocean. Real sea water presents an affinity for animal life which, because of the underlying nature of both, is superior to any salt water preparation man can make up in his laboratories.

Blood Will Tell.

He—Those Brown boys are in bad. Tom had to leave the state for grafting, and now his brother Bill is accused of the same offense.

She—It must run in the family; I understand their father was a horticulturist.

KNEW THE LOBSTER

Deductions of an Old Man of the Sea.

Veteran Fisherman Put Sherlock to Shame When It Came to Past History of the Crustacean—Was "Some" Detective.

A weather beaten old man of the sea he was, and fitted perfectly in the picture at the wholesale fish market. There certainly was nothing about him to remind one of the Sherlock Holmes of fiction or the Inspector Fauror of real life, says the New York Sun. Yet he was something of a detective.

"That biggest lobster there," he asserted as he pointed to a barrel of them, "fought a duel with a blackfish, in which the fish got the worst of it, is blind and has been fed by his mate; backed into a Long Island sound lobster pot by accident, and was caught off Thimble Island in the waters that beat themselves into a froth on the rocks of Outer Island, home of Addison E. Verrill, professor at Yale and government expert in the bureau of fisheries for many years."

There was no label on either the lobster or the barrel in which he lay squirming, the topmost of a hundred champions, nothing that wrote a life history so large that a mere passer-by could read it at a glance. Yet this veteran fisherman saw and deducted it all. Could he prove it? He would try.

The loss of an eye from one of those movable stalks on the lobster's head and a cataractlike film over the other proved him to be blind. They also told the story of a battle with a blackfish. A perpetual war from birth is on between this fish and the crustacean. Blackfish have an appetite for lobster that would make the most ardent devotees of the broiled one in any Broadway palace appear as mere nibblers.

In this instance a blackfish had been beaten in his fight for a meal, for the lobster had lost only one eye. Had the fish got both there would have been no lobster and no deduction. Instead, the fish, using its own body as a battering ram, would have crushed the life out of its blind and helpless prey by beating the shell against the rocky bottom of the sea. Then with its sheeplike teeth the fish would have dined. Such is the cheerful custom of the blackfish after depriving a lobster of its eyes.

But in this engagement the lobster had probably caught the attacking blackfish with one of its huge claws, and the would-be eater had become the eaten. It was an obvious story to one who knows the habits of the two denizens of the sea.

Blind as he now was, the lobster must have been fed by his mate. He could get his food in no other way. She fed and protected him as she did during those periods when he shed his shell and was helpless. That was plain to one familiar with the etiquette and family affairs of the lobster tribe.

Lobsters always back into the pots used to catch them. They can't get in any other way, because of their big claws. This blind one must then have backed in by accident or, guided by his mate, followed her in when she went in to get the fish heads used for bait. So far it was easy.

"Color, size and shape make it look like a Long Island sound lobster. Blackfish are more numerous and voracious off the Thimbles than any other place I know. It is the sort of a bottom lobsters like—jagged rocks full of crevices. Blackfish know it, and forage accordingly. Both are plenty from Faulkner's, just east of Outer island, around Niggarhead reef, Bransford beacon and west to Cow and Calf. Now, let's find out where the lobsters came from," suggested the grizzled old Sherlock Holmes of the sea.

The marketman bought them from the fishing schooner Jane, just in from New London, and tied up back of the market. There then the crew ran and the amateur Watson led the fishy Holmes to it.

On board the Jane the skipper acknowledged selling lobsters to the marketman named. He left New London with a miscellaneous cargo of fish. Off the Thimbles he picked up three lots of lobsters from the men clearing their pots and got two lots of small ones off New Haven breakwater. Most of the big ones he got from Del Foote, whose pots run from Outer island east to Faulkner's; he reckoned those asked about must have been in that lot.

That looked pretty good for the Sherlock Holmes of the fish market.

"How did I guess it? Didn't guess at all," he explained. "Knew what I was talking about. I lobstered those waters for 12 years. What I did not know about lobsters and blackfish and their habits Professor Verrill did. I just drank from a scientific fountain of knowledge. Fine drinking."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the amateur, as was proper under the circumstances.

"Not at all, when you know lobsters and blackfish," replied the grizzled veteran of the lobster pots.

Probably.

Nodd—My baby had his picture taken yesterday and, while I haven't seen it, they say it is as natural as can be.

Todd—What view?

Nodd—I didn't ask, but I suppose it's a throat view.—Puck.

Never Again.

Said the man with the concave facial expression to his philosopher friend: "Don't ever again tell me that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, for since my wife has joined three debating societies, two bridge clubs and a private dancing class, that hand is mine."—Exchange.

Vocational Training.

"She has a complexion like tinted porcelain." "Yes, I know; she took lessons in china painting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.